

The Historie

As they are sharing the Prince & Poins
Prin. Your money. Set upon them, they all runne away, and
Poin. Villaines. Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away
too, leaving the bootie behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease, Now merrily to horse: the theeves
are all scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, awaite
good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and lards the leane earth
as he walkes along, wert not for laughing I should pittie him,

Paynes. How the rogue roard. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus reading a letter.

But for mine own part my Lord could be well contented to bee
here, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be contented, why is hee not then? in the respect of
the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his own
barne better then he lbues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis daungerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to
drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettles danger, we
plucke this flower saferie.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have na-
med uncertaine, the time is selfe vnforted, and your whole plot too
light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you againe, you are a shal-
low cowardly hind, and you lie: what a lacke braine is this? by
the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, and ful of expectation: an
excellent plot, verie good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue is
this? why my Lord of York commends the plot, and the gene-
rall course of the Action. Zoundes and I were now by this rascall
I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my
father, my vncke, and my selfe; Lord Edmond Mortimer, my
Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower: is there not besides the
Dowglas, haue I not all their letters to meete me in armes by the
ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set for-
ward already? What a pagan rascall is this, an infidell: Ha you
shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, will hee to
the King, and lay open all our proceedings? O I could deuide
my

of Henrie the

my selfe, and go to buffets, for more
with so honorable an action. Hang
are prepared: I will set forward to
How now Kate, I must leaue you

Lady. O my good Lord, why are
For what offence haue I this fortnight
A banisht woman from my Harri-
Tel me sweet Lord, what ist that t-
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy g-
Why dost thou bend thine eies vpon
And start so often when thou sittest
Why hast thou lost the fresh blou-
And giuen my treasures and my ri-
To thicke eyde musing, and curst
In thy faint slumbers I by thee haue
And heard the murmur, tales of y-
Speake tearmes of mannage to th-
Cry courage to the field. And thou
Of fallies, and retires of trenches
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of soldie-
And all the currents of a heddy fig-
Thy spirit within thee hath bin so
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy
That beads of sweat haue stood v-
Like bubbles in a late disturbed fi-
And in thy face strange motions h-
Such as we see when men restrain
On some great suddain heft. O wh-
Some heauy businesse hath my L-
And I must know it else he loues n-

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre ago

Hot. Hath Butler brought the

Ser. One horse my Lord he br

Hot. What horse, Roane? a cro

Ser. It is my Lord,